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## Pathetic Sketch.

### OUR NELLIE.

BY ENRICA.

'Twas a lovely October eve. We had wandered far out of the village, to visit again some of the haunts of childhood, and recall those sunny days when "life was all a dream." Years had passed away since I had left that spot, hallowed by so many sacred associations, and what time more fitting to revisit it than this Autumn eve, when "passing away" was written on every falling leaf and rustling bough, and Nature had donned her most gorgeous apparel, which was to prove to her only the drapery of death.

Our favorite haunt had been, in days of yore, "Cedar Spring," so called from being in the midst of a grove of those noble old trees, the pride of the village from time immemorial. Thither we first bent our steps. A rude bench had been erected, now so overgrown with moss as to render the names carved thereon scarcely legible. Henry was by my side, and as memory recalled the days of youth, when we had so often strayed together to this same sweet spot, our hearts were saddened, for where, oh! where were the many loved ones who had been with us then? It seemed but yesterday that we had parted; even now their merry, happy voices were echoing in our ears. Now all are gone! Everything around was the same. The evening breeze stole as gently through the trees, gave now and then in mournful cadences, as if the last sighs of departing Nature were mingling with its wail. The little stream flowed as merrily at our feet, though the youthful voices that had mingled with it their joyous songs were hushed in death. If those old trees could speak, what a tale would they relate. How many bright hopes had there been raised, some never to be realized. There the lover had wandered at eventide, to whisper his story to the fair maiden at his side, and hear from her lips the words that were to bring joy or sorrow to his heart. The mourner came there to weep, the penitent to pray, and now nought was left to tell the tale, save the names rudely carved on bench and tree in days long gone by.

Henry pointed to our names carved together, and with the date fifteen years past. Time had dealt gently with him, and he was less a lover now than when he had first breathed the magic tale. No, dearer by far was the noble husband, whose love had been strengthened by time; then all was anticipation, now the brightest of these anticipations were more than realized. Would that the same could have been said of all who there had looked upon the future with fond hopes. He had cleared away a spot so thickly covered with moss, as to render the names scarcely perceptible, and now pointed to me those of "Nellie and Harry," carved together, as ours had been. "How different their fate from our's Mary."

"Different indeed, and yet we know that she is happy. I cannot feel that she has gone, the merry, joyous girl, whose silvery laugh is still echoing in my ear." A sad, sad tale is hers; and yet, gentle reader, mayhap you will lend listening ear as we again recall the memory of our loved friend, and linger amid scenes now all passed away.

Nellie Gray was an orphan. Deprived of a mother's care she could feel that mother's love, she had found a happy home, where everything was done for her comfort, and all scattered flowers with a liberal hand over her pathway which had been rendered so desolate. She grew up under those influences, a beautiful, loving girl. Impulsive, affectionate, and withal so much depth of feeling that those who knew her best could not but tremble for her, as they thought of the harsh unfeeling world, where she must soon play her part. Many a fond prayer was breathed that she might never learn by sad experience how cold it was.

Well do I remember, when first she met Harry Beaumont. Cold, indeed, must have been the heart that could have resisted her charms. Noble in person, but far more noble in mind and heart, he was one just fitted to understand a nature like her's. Confiding and loving as she was, he was the one best able to appreciate that confidence and love, and when I first saw them together I could not but hope that his should be the arm on which she might lean through life, and his the noble task to train that gifted mind for higher usefulness here and happiness hereafter.

"Nellie," I said jestingly to her one day, a few weeks after they had met, "so you have at last found that sympathetic friend for whom you have wished so long." She had often told me her longings for some one to love, as I now thought she had learned to love Harry. Her voice trembled as she answered.

"Harry, his love is not for me. How noble in him; he told me all, how he had loved and won another for his bride. He

said I must be his friend, to take her place in her absence, until he might bring her here, and then she would be more than sister to me. I might have loved him had his heart been free to offer me, but now, that he is the affianced husband of another, I can love him only as a friend."

A thrill of disappointment passed over me, as I listened. I could not but fear that sorrow was in store for that guileless, trusting heart, and so I ventured to tell her.

"Nellie, will you listen to me for a few moments?" "Twas on this same mossy bench we sat. I know more of the world than you. Do not be too much in Harry's company. Not that I doubt his honor; it is your strength for which I tremble. You cannot be with him without learning to love him. You will not realize that he belongs to another. His very nobleness of heart in telling you all, will only the more endear him to you. You will fancy that he is only a friend, but soon will learn, too late perhaps, a friend whose presence is essential to your happiness. He not only loves you, but he loves me, too. Only take care, for I tremble for his power over one so easily moved to love, nay, do not frown, when the object is as worthy as he."

She heeded not my warning. She could not think as I did. Even now, her silvery laugh is echoing in my ear, as she answered.

"Never fear, my heart will be never given until called for."

I saw them together. I saw the truant blush redden at his lightest word; knew too well of the hours of anguish when she thought none were near; heard the words of agonizing prayer for strength; strength to help her bear the load which was crushing her heart beneath its weight. She had learned, alas, too late, the bitter lesson, and now she must hide it from him; and she did; he never dreamed she loved him. Had even the thought passed his mind, he would have torn himself away from all so dear to him in friends and associations, rather than add one bitter drop to her cup. He loved her as a friend, and thought it was returned as such; and was it strange, when she would listen with so much interest as he revealed to her all his hopes of the future? Could he believe that so much strength was hidden in that fragile form? Her sympathy was given to him, and as she spoke with him of his own pathway strewn with flowers, could he believe that even then the thought of her's that he had made desolate, was fast wearing her strength away? She thought her feelings hid from all; but there were those less blinded than her, who saw with anguish too deep for utterance, the fading of the flower so dear to their hearts. It was too late for warning. They could only watch with painful interest new charms unfolding every hour, and feel that with the falling leaves of Autumn she too would pass away.

It was just such an hour as this that we wandered here together for the last time. Her step was feeble, but her eyes beamed with an almost unearthly light. She spoke of him. He had left to return with his bride to his happy home.

"Mary," she said, "you know it all; why hide it longer? I deemed myself myself strong enough to bear it alone, but it could not be. I feel that I shall never see him again. I wondered at myself as his parting sounded in my ear. 'Nellie, I will soon return; you alone must be first to welcome Annie to her home, henceforth yours, for I mean not to surrender my sister again until a stronger love than mine calls her away. Will you not love Annie for my sake. Until you learn to love her for her own?'"

"My answer satisfied even him, and then we parted. I knew it was the last. My strength is failing fast, yet I would not wish it otherwise. I could not love another, and dared not love him as the husband of another. Ere he shall return I shall be sleeping under the sod, and he will not know of the shaft that has laid me low. He will, perhaps, in days to come, bring his Annie to weep beside my grave, for the friend she was to love, so early lost. Breathe not this tale to another. I meant it should be buried with me, but your pleading looks for confidence I could not resist. Think of me sometimes, Mary, when you wander here at eventide, but think of her as happy in Heaven."

And she did thus pass away. Ere many years had set we had her to rest. Gentle the summons came, but it found her ready, and when Harry returned, it was to find her gone. His grief was sincere and lasting. Ere many months had passed he laid his Annie by his side, and now he too has joined them, in that happy home above, "where sorrow shall never enter, but all tears are wiped forever from their eyes."

Farewell! sweet friends of our youth. "Your memory shall be with us 'until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

A note of admiration—a love letter.

## Interesting Miscellany.

### The Wife at Home.

BY P. H. STAUFFER.

It is within the circle of her domestic assiduity that we must go to judge of the true worth of a woman—to make a correct estimate of her forbearance, her virtue, and her felicity. There are displayed all the finer feelings of which the pure heart of woman is susceptible. It is in the midst of trial and suffering, misfortune and anguish, that the nobler traits of the true wife are displayed in all their characteristic grandeur. Adversity only increases the ardor of her attachment; and the constancy and intensity of her devotion are such as no changes or chances can estrange or subdue. There are no recriminations to drive love away, no violence to alienate the heart, no neglect to impel to desperation. All is love, kindness, and persuasion. Oh, what is more sweet, more calculated to enhance the value of domestic relationship, than for a man cast down, worried, almost driven to despair, to turn his footsteps away from the busy world and mingle with the loved ones at home!—to have a place where feeling and sympathy are manifested, where glance responds to glance, and heart to heart—the sweet musical voice of one nearest and dearest to the soul, life-inspiring yet unobtrusive in its counsel, sends him forth again, with a stronger shoulder to stem the tide of adversity!

Few secrets are so important as that of knowing how to make home happy. Beauty of feature is not necessary. Ordinary features, when lit up with the sunbeams of sensibility, generally excite the same passions which they express; and the winning attraction of their smile invests them with peculiar charms, like the variegated hues with which a brilliant rainbow tints the gloomy clouds. The proud and dangerous gift of genius is not necessary. Let a woman possess what is infinitely more valuable—good common sense, and intellect sufficient to direct it in the most appropriate manner to all the practical purposes of life. Let there be truthfulness and integrity in her nature, strengthened by a thorough course of mental discipline; and it will not fail to give beauty and power to her thoughts and character. It does not consist in the ready flow of conversation, captivating in its vivacity, brilliant in its fresh conceptions, charming in its polished sentences, dazzling in its witticisms, and instructive in its solidity.

True, these qualifications, combined with those constituted to render home happy, may make a woman the embodiment of all the most noble and imaginative heart could wish or desire; but they are not essentially necessary.

A lady with ordinary features and ordinary abilities may make home very pleasant and agreeable. And who would not prefer such a one to her who—no matter how beautiful or bewitching—puts on her smiles like her ornaments, and dresses her mind like her person, for company, in painted colors, feigning charity, and pinbeck benevolence?

The true secret of making home happy is to have the heart in the right place, to have the charity to overlook foibles, to learn to forgive and to forget, and never to be too proud to make concessions—ever as it were, intuitively, with a blind man's instinct, detecting those thousand little things that evince, in silence, a devotion and affection unexpressed. But, above all, the wife should possess that genuine piety which leads her to forget herself in seeking the glory of God and the happiness of her fellow-beings. The useful attainments of life should be blended with the higher accomplishments; and the attractive amenities of her manners should spring less from the polish of intercourse, than from the inherent sweetness of her disposition. She must be a woman true to herself, her nature, and her destiny—one daring to break away from the slavery of fashion and the allotment of pleasure, and to seek her happiness in the path of duty alone. She must be sensitive in her organization, ardent in her feeling, whole-souled in her attachments, calm and gentle in her wisdom, tender in her sympathy, firm, yet not ostentatious in her piety—a woman self-possessed, having the tranquil air of one conscious of her own moral strength, and of the existence of impulses and feelings too sacred to be lightly displayed to a world which has nothing in common with them, and which, therefore, in the ark of love at home, push forth, like a leaping fountain, in all their fulness and their glory. She can be strong in the very reserve and shrinking delicacy of her character; and, even while appearing to waver, diffuse a tranquilizing influence over all around her, like the falling of the pure, soft light, felt, but not heard, swaying all by the magic census of her love.

The pains the wife took to charm her husband before marriage should be doubled afterwards. From that period, they

become a world of their own. The tie that binds them should be immaculate strength—impossible to be withered by the false refinement of vitiated society.

To a husband wearied with toil, dejected in body and spirit, there is nothing so sweet as a look, a word, an act of kindness dictated by a good disposition. It is like dew to the flowers, like water to the parched lips of a weary traveller over Asiatic deserts, like the soft, cool hand of friendship on the fevered brow of the convalescent. How rich a man must feel in the consciousness of possessing a woman's love that cannot be wearied or exhausted, that cannot be chilled by selfishness, weakened by unworthiness, nor destroyed by ingratitude—a love that rises superior to the afflictions of misfortune, leaping from the heart of a woman, who, when all the world forsake him, will be all the world to him!

### Penitence by Lamp-Light.

HEARTY AND HEALTHY RELIGION.—We make the following extracts from a report of a sermon by Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the N. Y. Evening Post: "The mind may be influenced by fear, by emotions, by veneration, by a sense of infiniteness and beauty; by the sympathies of benevolence and love. But these are not alike desirable; although it is better to be touched by the lowest than not at all. The earliest feeling towards God was that of fear, and this is the most universal. The fear of God is of two kinds—one belongs to generous feelings; the other is a shrinking from something that is doubtful or terrible. 'This crouching, servile fear of God, not only debases God, but degrades the man who abases under it; for fear, as a general thing, never works upon the inner nature towards goodness, but only on the outer, towards conduct. A man who thus fears, is like the man who should go to the Polar Sea, thinking to get to the equator. He is on the wrong train, with the wrong engineer, and instead of leading to life, the road leads to death. There is no gospel in it.'"

"There are many who think this servile fear is a sign of grace. They are miserable without it. This feeling of inferiority, this shrinking awe, is popularly understood as worship. To be religious with persons entertaining it, is to exercise this homage;—this crouching as a slave in the presence of his master. This is the religion of the Romish Church and though Protestantism has abandoned its forms, it has not abandoned its spirit. 'He did not ridicule this spirit in its place, but he pronounced it as false as anything can be. There are churches which are built in obedience to this spirit, with gloomy walls of stone, and coffin-narrow resting place; the windows are darkened to shut out the light of heaven; and those building such churches depend upon the deep, solemn music, rolling heavily along the shaded and gloomy aisles, to impress the mind with a sense of awe.'"

"We are precisely what it is; it is not worship, it is awe and nothing more. And the man who yields to these influences, and is impressed with the sepulchral gloom of the place, when he goes out of the church draws a long breath, breathes freely once more, and thinks himself as good a Christian as the rest. 'Such worship is always narrow.' It is not to see Christ smiling and saying: 'I call you friends; come unto me in every time of need.' It always sets a barrier over him to enter such a church. There are thousands said the speaker, who would be shocked to hear me talk as I do about it, but I cannot help it. Your God is a jailer, my God is a Father."

"One of the greatest obstacles a man has to contend with in this spirit of servile fear. Men think in order to be converted, they must go through the Inferno, as Dante did; they must snuff brimstone. He regretted that men should be so mean and grovelling in their thoughts, and not be willing to come to God as a Friend and Father."

"The reverend gentleman said that a minister who should study to make an audience laugh by a poor pun or joke, was not fit to enter the pulpit. But if a spontaneous smile arose from the audience, he was not disturbed. He never attempted to make them laugh, neither did he try to stop them. Laughing, he thought, was just as good as crying, and a good deal better. Cheerfulness is characteristic of Christianity."

"If there were present any conscientious liars, in quest of a paragraph, he should expect to see it going the rounds of the conscientious religious press; that he said people should go to laugh; but he called the audience to witness that it would be a lie—he had said no such thing."

How disappointment tracks the steps of hope!

There are half a million more females than males in Great Britain.

## Temperance.

### The Widow's Appeal.

To the Honorable General Assembly of the State of Ohio:

GENTLEMEN: I am about to address you through the medium of the public press, because I well know your multiplied calls prevent you from giving due heed to all the requests that cumber your tables; and because I am about to detail to you matters of truthful history, which are known only to myself and to Him who is omniscient and knoweth all things; and yet, true as these things are, respect for the feelings of the living and for the memory of the dead, prevents me from subscribing my own name thereto. My heart bleeds when I think how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of similar cases of accursed wrong, caused by an accursed system of vending poison and death, lie buried in the grave, or in hearts deeper than the grave, and which will never be told till that day when God shall judge both quick and dead, and the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

I am one of those whose names are already upon your tables, petitioning for the passage of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. I have done more than this; I have laid aside, for a time, a woman's instinctive dread of encountering the gaze, the ridicule, and the rebuffs of those who appreciate not her motives, and I have traversed weary distances, and entered dark abodes of sin, entreating for names to that humble petition which prays for your aid in accomplishing a work which will cause more joy on earth, and in Heaven also, than any other event, save one, that this glorious sun of ours ever shone upon. In these walks, I have found the sick and destitute wives and widows of those who were daily sinking, or have already sunk, into the drunkard's grave. I have seen the tear of joy leap from haggard eyes because their owners had the poor privilege of subscribing their names to such a petition; and I have departed bearing with me blessings of those ready to perish, and followed by the prayers of those who have audience in Heaven, if not on Earth.

Oh! could you, ye honorable legislators of this great and glorious State—could you behold, with unclouded vision, how many from the hovels of misery; how many from the mansions of the rich, and from the palaces of the great, and from the mansions of the poor, are sending up petitions to Heaven's high throne, for blessings upon your deliberations, and blessing for you the guidance of infinite wisdom; and could you know with what trembling anxiety these praying mothers, sisters, and daughters watch your movements, and wait with excited hopes the tidings of your doings in this behalf, you would not—you could not turn an indifferent ear to our supplications.

I know it is said by some that women have no right to petition, or, at least, ought not to be heard on so grave a question as this. They say that we are not fit to judge of the consequences and relative bearings of such a law; that we are swayed by feeling and sympathy, and hence that our views should have little weight in the decision of legislators, where interests of such magnitude are at stake. It may be so; but hear my tale and judge if it be true.

In early life I married a man who moved in the first circles in no mean city. He was a descendant of Puritan stock, and his venerable father's silvery locks yet commanded wide respect among those who linger on Pilgrim ground. He was a worthy son of a worthy sire—a man among men. In the commercial world he stood far among the fairest. Abundantly blessed our board. If we had not wealth in horded profusion, we had enough for all our wants, and even the rich might have envied us our happiness. But when I dreamed of no danger, the foe with serpentine dissembling, wound his coils around my loved and cherished one, and blighted my every earthly hope. Oh, never!—never shall I forget the agony of that hour, when first the full conviction flashed upon my mind that the father of my children—my own loved and cherished husband—was a drunkard! Oh, ye who revel in wealth wrung from widow's tears, and hoard up gold coined from orphan's groans, were I a demon damned, and wished to heap upon your devoted heads the coals of unquenchable fire, I could not wish you worse than that you might drink of that bitter cup, which then you forced to my unwilling lips, and compelled me to drink, even to the deepest dregs.

But even then I knew not the power of my deadly foe. Hope, that angel of mercy, sprang up from the depths of despair, and with the frantic energy of the fire-enraptured victim of the prairie flames, I strove to release him from the grasp of the fell destroyer. I strove, oh God! I thought how hard I strove, to conceal from myself and others the truth. With my husband the struggle was equal-

ly severe, if not as ardent. He saw not at first the danger, but for my sake and his children's sake, he resolved that he would be free. Like Samson he rose in all the conscious strength of manhood's prime; but like him, who dallied with an enemy, he too, soon found out he was shorn of his strength, and yielded in abject submission to his deadliest foe. Thrice before God and man, he took the solemn pledge that he would no more yield to the tempter, and thrice he fell but to taste in all its renewed horrors, a drunkard's hell. Oh yes, many, many times, when no eye but God and my own witnessed his struggle, and when he knew not of my vigils, I have seen him prostrate and weeping as though his once manly heart would break, as he reviewed the past, and looked forward to the future. 'Twas then he realized his hopelessness, irretrievable bondage! Yet he was not a gutter drunkard. He seldom reeled in the street; he was never a public, degraded sot. But he was in a demon's power, and, demon-like, he would in ten thousand ways which shall forever remain nameless, harrow up my very soul, and render life a burden. Property vanished; friends grew cold; and proud despised us, and tongues of malice were dipped in gall. All this he saw with blurred vision, and sometimes keenly felt that he had brought it all upon those whom he loved dearer than life. Day and night I toiled; night and day I watched and prayed; yea, weeks and months and years I struggled, and by the free use of hands not ashamed to work, but heretofore all unused to toil, I, unaided by mortal arm, fed, clothed, and sheltered my little ones, and by main force held up my degraded husband also. And while thus I gave up to sacred duty my choicest years of life, he who would have been, but for accursed drink, my protector and supporter, was driving deeper and deeper the barbed arrows into my life-springs, till at last maniac like, his cruel blows, of which no one knew or heard, drove me, and those whom God had given me, to seek shelter and protection where rum could not invade my sanctuary.

Need I tell you the anguish of that fatal hour! Need I tell you how it brot me to the very gates of death, whence, after many days, I barely escaped?—Need I tell you how he who was thus forsaken, like Esau, in vain sought space for repentance and found it not, though he sought it carefully with tears? No—I need not tell you this. Nay, it is a tale that cannot be told—let it sleep. But I will tell you, that for the last time, he renewed, as with a dying struggle, the terrible conflict with his enemy. In vain he looked on this side and on that for help. Help there was none, but on every corner stood the tempter in bright array. All around him were men—men in the image of their God—men whom the law called good moral men, licensed by law to send his soul to hell and his body to the worms! Ah, too sure was their work, for as he had lived, so he died. In an instant, and when he looked not for it, death claimed his victim and he was no more! No sympathizing hand smoothed his dying pillow! No daughter's kiss assuaged his last death-throes! No son was there to hear his last commands! His body fills a drunkard's grave. His murderers may meet his soul in a world to come.

And now tell me, ye honorable men, ye whom God has commissioned with power to avert from others the doom which awaited my once loved husband—tell me, have I no voice in this matter of life and death?

Of wrongs and outrages—of cruel and barbarous murders—of suicides and homicides, you have a full surfeit day by day; but of the deeper, darker sufferings of the unprotected, helpless females, you have little. Almost within sound of your legislative halls, within the week past, a poor lost victim, hopeless of the relief which we pray, madly rushed into the presence of his God, declaring as his last words that he did so rather than longer bear the tormentor's sting on earth. You can hear the explosion of the death-dealing weapon, but the groans of the widow and orphan you cannot hear. You cannot bring the dead to life! You cannot restore to me, nor to the tens of thousands whom, like me, rum has deprived of our husbands, our loved ones, again! But you can, yes, you can hurt this demon from his high places! You can put the brand of Cain upon the man who engages in this accursed traffic. You can take away this temptation from those who would, if they could, avoid its snare! You can save the lives of tens of thousands of precious husbands, brothers, and sons—and it is for this we most humbly pray. Will you turn to us a deaf ear, and spurn us from your doors?

A Widow

The coldest winds of Egypt are those which blow from the south.

It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to carry it.

## Always Singing.

While talking with a neighbor, I heard a sweet plaintive voice singing that beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul!" "The child was up stairs; I knew it was a child's voice, from its silvery softness. I listened a while, and then said, 'That child has a sweet voice.' 'Yes, she has,' returned my friend. 'She is always singing!'"

Always singing! Sweet, happy child! Bird of angel wing! Who would not envy thee that gushing flood of happiness within thy soul! A soul strong to will and to do; a soul lighted with the smile of Jesus, and anchored on the surest hope; a soul that with more than a child's strength shall part the dark waves as it goes down the surging tide of death.

Always singing! I passed that way again. Summer was here in her fulness, strewn the earth with flowers, and the sky with stars. The same sweet voice was thrilling on the air.

"Oh had I the wings of a dove," &c. This time the little singer was in the yard. I gazed upon the spiritual softness of her features—the sweet eyes like "brown birds flying to the light," the fine expressive lips, the dark silken curls; I felt that she soon would have her wish answered, and find a "refuge in Heaven!"

Always singing! Autumn came; the wild Swan was turning towards the south; the leaves were dropping from the trees, and spears of frost glittered among the grass.

A strip of crape fluttered from the shutter of the house where the little singer lived. Her voice was clothed in death, and trembling hands had bound those truant tresses around her white brow.

By the great white throne, by the river of eternal gladness, she was striking her golden harp, and singing in the gushing fulness of imperishable glory!—Arthur's Mag.

## How he Did It.

The editor of the Butler County Democrat lately attended a wedding in that County, where the ceremony was performed by a young Justice of the Peace. The editor thus reports:

"The 'Squire who is a regular Democrat and a very young man, besides being extremely bashful, as luck would have it, this was the first wedding at which he had ever been called upon to officiate, it may be supposed that he was somewhat embarrassed. He managed however though with a trembling voice, to call upon the parties 'to stand up and join hands,' but, horrible to relate, he had forgotten the ceremony, and neglected to take with him his book! After a pause of a few moments, the 'Squire broke the silence with the following questions: 'In the name of the Commonwealth of the State of Ohio, I—' 'Know all men by these—' 'Do you solemnly swear to take this woman to be your wife, to love, honor and obey her, to support the Constitution of the State of Ohio, and vote the Democratic ticket?' As we backed out of the door in convulsions, our fists stuck into our ribs, we imagined we heard the groom respond 'yes,' and the 'Squire pronounce them 'man and wife.'"

SEPOY VICTIMS IN ENGLAND.—The Medical Times says: "It has become the fashion for certain writers to throw doubts upon the truth of the reports of the atrocities committed by the Sepoy mutineers upon our countrymen in India. It is said that those reports have come through native spies, have been colored by the Indian press, and have not been authenticated by European testimony. How far these arguments are worthy of credit our readers may judge from the following statement. We have been assured by a medical friend that he has been consulted by a lady who has recently arrived at Bombay, from India, whose years have been cut off. Her child, three years old, has neither hands nor feet; they were all cut off by the mutineers. How the child survived is a mystery. The governess to this family escaped with the loss of her ears, which were cut off as an easy way to get her ear rings. Another friend is attending a lady whose case has been split open, and her ears have been cut off. She has brought home to England three young children, all blind. Their eyes have all been gouged out by the Sepoys."

We have heard from another source, quite beyond question, a lady who speaks from personal knowledge, that there are several ladies now in Calcutta who have undergone such unspeakable degradation that they obstinately refuse to give their names. They prefer to be thought of by their relations in England as dead. There are also in Calcutta several young children whose names are quite unknown. One little creature says she is "mama's pet," and that is all we are likely to know of her past history."